Che Home Reading Circle

AT THE HOUSE OF THE SCARLET WITCH.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

[Copyright, 1897, by Max Pemberton.]

The Abbe Morellet, cure of the village of let phantom conjured up by the ghostly Yvette, is journeying to Paris with his flames. Twice the light flashed, livid valet and groom. As they enter the woods of St. Cloud, near Paris, they are over-taken by three masked horsemen. They are all well dressed-two of them are fine-ly built men, but the other has a slight girlish figure. The abbe and his party are a little suspicious of their intentions, which suspicion is not relieved when the tallest of the riders addresses him as the bishop of Blois, and warns him of the witches that haunt the wood. The abbe protests that he is not the bishop, but the rider insists that he is. The abbe then explains that he is going to Paris to place ward, Corinne de Montesson, in a friend of all the ne'er-do-wells in Parls. and lately has helped the notorious high-wayman, Coq-le-Rol, to escape from the police. Cerinne has the favor of the king, and he had hoped that she would help him in his ambitions, but he has remained an obscure abbe. This, together with the reports of Corinne's escapades, has determined him to go to see his refractory ward and put her in a convent.

PART II.

This seemed a very simple resolution in theory; but when the Abbe entered the dark woods of St. Cloud after his conversation with the three jesters in the masks, the practice of it began to be difficult. He remembered that the last time he had been to Paris, they had led him such a life in the great house that he had been truly thankful to get back to his little hamlet and to his own poor people. He had just a larking suspicion that his authority might be laughed at again. Besides, he was not in Paris yet; and there before him lay the dark woods against which the three strangers had warned him.

"Bah," said he as he quitted the highroad and plunged into the darkness of the silent thicket, "strange sights and sounds, indeed. Am I a child to be frightened by old women's tales? Never let it be said. Thank God, there is a ducking stool still for witches; and I shall know where to complain if I am molested. We must be in Paris before midnight-that is certain."

The reflection conforted him. It was very dark in the woods, and so sllent that the sound of distant church bells or the barking of dogs sounded like voices from a far-off world. The sun had sunk below the rim of the western hills now, and only a deep blue-gray light, blending with pink at the peaks of the clouds, marked the lingering day. In the thickets themselves the mystery and spell of the night was already omnipotent. The Abbe could not put off a certain dread and foreboding. His two servants did not attempt any such task. They told each other, consolingly, that they would be dead men before morning; and so they rode hand in hand, each devoutly hoping that the other would be the victim of the night, and that the Abbe, their master, would precede them to the grave. No superstition was too gross for them to believe. They swallowed every goblin and witch and demon dwarf that tradition had named for a hundred years or more. There was not a ghost in all France that they would not have staken their life upon." And here at St. Cloud-where gyery village lad could tell you of the scarlet witch who rode upon the wings of the wind when the sun had set and the elves were abroad in the forestwhat miracle, they asked, could save frem from the perils of an encounter

with her. Francols to Jean, as they drove their stubborn asses still deeper into the oods; "I have heard it said that you have but to fook upon the woman to be forever blind.'

Jean groaned "God grant that our master sees her first," said he.

'And worse than that," said the valtet, "if you are young and good-looking she will kiss you upon the forehead, and then you are branded like one who has been sent to the galleys." Jean sighed.

"Saint Denis," said he, "I knew how it would be. We shall die here, comrade-and for what? Because we follow our master. Is that our duty? I tell you he is no longer himself. Did you hear how you fellows called him? Be sure of it-they have betwitched him already. I am ready to die for the Abbe of Yvette; but a plague upon me if I ride another league for the Lord Bishop of Blois."

He stopped his ass with the word, and Francois, the valet, made haste to imitate him. They were at this moment in a giade so deeply bordered by chestnut trees that you could scarce see a patch of gray sky above. The moss beneath their feet was soft and yielding, and the asses sunk in it al-most to the hocks. The figure of the Abbe was scarce to be discerned, although but twenty paces before them, It was a gloomy spot-dark, threatenlonely. A stag, which leaped up at their coming, set the hearts of the cowardly pair beating like pumps. And just at the supreme moment of their alarm, what should they see in the hollow but a great flash of crimson light which lit up the brake about them until every twig seemed to have been dipped

umors, instabily relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of

in blood, every tree trunk to be a scar smoking, terrible-then darkness fell; and from the wood there came a scream of many voices raised in an aw ful wall like the wall of departed spirits

or of men in their agony. At the first flashing of the fire, the Abbe's pony stood quite still, shivering with fear. Nor was his master in

any better plight. "Francois," roared he; "Jean, do you not hear me? God help us all-what a thing to see!"

But Francois and Jean heard nothing. They were even then on their way back to Yvette, at all the speed of which asses are capable. Long the Abbe called them, in language the Church might not have approved, but which the occasion and the Abbe's fear demanded. When he found at last that he was alone, beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and it seemed that a hundred spirits were mocking him in the wood.

"Oh! groaned he, "what do I see! Where am I? Who is it that follows me? That I should have left my home to come to such a place! Heaven help me or I am surely lost."

He beat his pony the more in hi fear, and driving the unwilling beast through the thicket only by a generous application of his cudgel, he came out at last upon a sward over which great trees cast shadows of fantastic shape, The spot was desolate enough for any thing; but it was lighter than the copse he had just quitted, and the stars shining brightly in the gray heavens above, seemed to send down a message of courage.

"Come," said the Abbe to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his forchead and began to take heart a little, "why do I fear when I have but ten crowns in my pocket? Who would harm the Cure of Yvette? Not the footpads of Saint Cloud, I am sure. And I do not believe in spirits-certainly they are for hag's tales. What I saw was the fire of some charcoal burner. No doubt that was it. My men will come up presently, and we will all go on together. I could laugh to remember what a figure I cut."

He did laugh at the remembrance but it was a poor attempt-hollow and mocking like the thought which bred it. And he began now to be very anxious for the company of his servants. bidding them come forth from the thicket where he believed them still to

your master, who calls you. What do you fear, knaves? Am I not here to protect you? Oh, surely, I will lay my cudgel upon your backs tomorrow." To his amazement, neither Jean nor Francois answered his appeal; but in the wood behind him there arose again the errie wail, and now it was long sustained and piercing like the wail of witches upon the wing.

"Hail to the Lord Bishop of Blois!" was the cry; "hail! hail! Whither he goes, there go we-lololia-lolalla-lolalla!

The echo fell from wood to wood and grove to grove until it died away in moaning sighs afar, at the heart of the forest. When the last note was stilled, the Abbe heard a voice, sweet

and fresh and young, crying: "What shall be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois!" And from the woods the answer

ame: "He must suffer, he must suffer -lolalla-lolalla-lolalla." A loud peal of laughter followed the words, and while the laughter rang, the thicket was lit again with the flaming crimson light. The Abbe's heart threatened to stand still when he saw, grouped there upon the green, the strangest company he had ever beheld in all his life. Dressed in scarlet, some like devils, some like dwarfs, some like hideous creatures with horns protruding from their brows, the throng appeared to be led by a woman whose sugar-loaf cap and sweeping crimson skirts answered in all things to the popular picture of a witch. When the Abbe beheld her she rode upon a great, black horse, but those around her were mounted upon white ponies, and the whole company, galloping out of the woods presently, they surrounded the trembling ecclesiastic and roared until the very woods rang as with demon

voices:

"Long live the Lord Bishop of Blois -lolalla-lolalla!" It was a strange scene; the torches, which many of the masqueraders had now lighted, casting a livid glow upon the scarlet dresses and masks and whitened faces of the dwarfs and denons and horrid monsters who now flocked about the amazed Cure of Yvette. He, on his part, knew not whether the whole were a hideous dream, or the perpetration of some masquerade, of which he was to be the victim. Possibly deep down in his mind there was borne the question are these human things or spiritual? Even the learned were gross in superstition in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the excellent abbe was no wiser than other men-perhaps even a little more prone to believe in omens and the unseen than the common citi-No wonder, if the terror of the wood and the dark of the night and the horrid yells of the horned and hoofed company which he now swarmed about him contributed to his bewilderment. A hundred possibilities occurred to him while the cries were still ringing in his ears. He had heard of the terrible jests which courtly masqueraders had perpetrated on those who were obnoxious to them. have given offense in high places or was it true, after all, that the woods of St. Cloud were peopled by spirits and eives and witches, and that he had fallen into their power? He said he would believe no such tale, and with this resolution to nerve him, he turned of a sudden upon the horde who pressed about him and began to

argue with them. PART III.

"Sirs," said be, "I have heard much alk of the Lord Bishop of Blois, and see plainly that you mistake me for him. Know then that I am but a simple priest, the cure of Yvette, sirs, and

ery great importance." He spoke the words very slowly, but,

o his astonishment, no one gave any answer. All together, witches, dwarfs and demons, they began to repeat his explanation in a sort of monotone, the key of which changed note by note until it rose to a discordant and unearth-

ly shrick. 'Sirs," they cried, "we have heard much talk of the Lord Bishop of Blois and we see plainly that you mistake us for him. Know then that we are but simple priests, the cures of Yvette, and that we ride to Parts upon an affair of very great importance.

The Abbe, deafened by the clamor, put his fingers into his ears and organ "Ciel," he murmured, "you are all

nad. "Ciel," repeated the scarlet company,

'we are all mad." The sally was roared rather than inoned; and at the end of it, the hungry." whole company bent low in saddles, the men doffing their hats terrified Abbe, the women to the blowing kisses to him. Then the scarlet woman, who appeared to be the mistress of the throng, raised her fresh oung voice and asked again:

"What must be done to the Lord Bishop of Blois?" And for the second time, the answer

"He must suffer-he must sufferolalia-lolalia-lolalia!"

The Abbe was really frightened now. The wailing melancholy of the chaunt: the hideous shapes of the men who rode at his side; the strange, distorted whitened faces seemed to him to resemble nothing human, nothing known. Minute by minute, the conviction crept upon him that here was the scarlet witch of whom the common people spoke in their folk-tales. The more he said to himself, "It is a jest," the farther was his mind from accepting that assurance. He shuddered when he rejesters so terrible.

"Oh," he moaned, at last, "what do you want with me? what would you do

"Oh," echoed the crowd with stentorian voice, "what do you want with us? he plunged a ready fork into the dish what would you do with us?"

"Sirs," walled the Abbe, "for pity's sake have done with it and take me famished anticipation. The assurance where you will. I have but ten crowns scarce had comforted him when he ipon me, and these you shall find in my pouch. Get them, I pray you, and ermit me to go in peace. A mocking peal of laughter attended

this simple confessison. "What shall be done with the ten rowns of the Lord Bishop of Blois?" asked a great, horned goblin who rode upon the smallest of the small white ponies.

The girl with the crimson hat an-

swered:
"He shall buy a supper at the House of the Scarlet Witch."

The command moved the company to frenzies of turbulent delight. Before the wretched victim could protest or answer, strong hands had clutched his bridle rein to lead his pony through the woods; other hands had clapped a bandage to his eyes, and knotted it so tightly behind his ears that the whole of the strange vision of grotesque and grinning figures was shut instantly from his view. He knew only that his ony was carrying him rapidly through the forest; that the air became fresher as he mounted to the higher places have been for the space of ten minutes before his breast was stopped and he once, however, while the procession earthly monotone. The chaunt roses "Ho! ho!" said he at last, while he ever like a voice of the night—the wail leant back in his chair, and raised the earthly monotone. of spirits wandering or of phantoms at their pleasures. When it stopped at last with a sudden crash, the Abbe's pony stopped, too. A strong arm encircled his waist: he was lifted from the saddle and bidden to walk; he knew that he was entering some room in a house-a gentle hand forced him

into a sect, it removed his bandage; he could see again. By this time the unhappy man was incapable of surprise. The scene in the wood had robbed him of all power of reason. When they stripped him of his bandage and he was able to look about him, he neither spoke nor wondered. Yet the spectacle was strange enough to have amazed a bolder man. For the Abbe sat then in a room draped in scarlet; and more than that, he sat in a high chair before a long table lit pleasingly by the soft light of many wax candles; and so weighed down the scarlet drapery below was hardly to be seen. As for the company, that also was a scarlet company; devils, demons, witches; their whitened faces now hidden by crimson masks, their est red. Even the walls were draped in the same glowing colors; while the attendants, some in hideous masks, some garbed like scarlet elves, capped the scheme fittingly. Yet this was the curious thing-no word was spoken, no The Abbe shuddered again; he could not altogether suppress the said: thought that he might be supping with

Such a hauting suggestion was the money.'

quick to pass. Though a grim foreboding pursued him while, he asked him-"Where will it end? What did mean when they called me the Lord Bishop of Blois and said that I must suffer?" He, good man that he

was and there was none better in France, was like other men in possessing a healthy appepite. The groaning Together they entered the bank. The table put some heart into him, "I have ridden far and a well boiled capon with a cup of Burgundy will not come amiss to me," he thought. And so for the first time since he had entered the ter- his place for \$1,500, and ve haf called to rible wood he permitted himself to

"They will let me ride on when hope. super is done," he assured phimself, "and I shall be in Paris, after all, by the last day of the month. It would never do to be delayed over tomorrow, for the king returns to Paris then, and Corinne will see him and cheat me once more. Certainly, I must be in Paris tomorrow. Meanwhile, I will see what sort of a supper it is, for I am very

One of the servants had set a plate before him now, a plate upon which was a little silver dish exquisitely garnished and served. So tempting did morsel look that the good Abbe hastened to plunge his fork into it, but at the first mouthful he made an ugly grimace and was unable to with-

hold an exclamation. "Ciel," cried he, "that is nothing but

He looked round the table appealingly, but no one in the masked company vouchsafed to him an answer. were busy upon similar dishes, of exceeding relish. Indeed, they had finished their portions before the Abbe had recovered from his astonishment; and while he was still looking at them a lackey, dressed in crimson, carried in a dish, upon which was a smoking fish of great size, and began and afterward to the other suppers. At the same moment another attendmembered that he was alone with ant filled the Abbe's glass-a magnificent glass of the rarest Venetian work -with wine from a crystal goblet, and then did a similar service for the rest of the company. The action reassured the hungry cure. For the second time before him, "Fish is fish," he said to himself, while he smacked his lips in famished anticipation. The assurance

> "Nom du diabl,e" he exclaimed, "but this is bread, too." How it came to be, in what manner the cheat had been contrived, the Abbe knew no more than the dead. Yet hot wind strikes one corner of a town there was the fish right enough, and a second mouthful convinced him that it

er ecclesiastcal nor abbotorial:

was made of nothing but bread. "St. John," cried he, sitting back in his chair, "who ever heard of thata fish made of bread crumbs; and everyone eating of it as though it were a mullet from the king's table. Body of St. Paul-they are all mad."

Mad or sane, the scarlet company appeared to enjoy the fish very much Their heads bent over their plates, the suppers varied their occupation of eating only by the equally pleasant one of taking long draughts from the crystal goblets before them. They did not appear so much as to notice that the Abbe was appealing to them. His words, his exclamations, his questions, fell alike upon deaf ears. Not a man listened to him, not a woman raised her eyes to of the park; that he was led it might watch him. Nor did his anger, which presently succeeded to his hunger, help him at all. That, too, was absowas lifted gently to the ground. Never lutely unobserved. Had he roared like moved, did the throng cease their un- remained oblivious of his presence. a bull, the masked company would have

goblet in his hand, "a plague upon the table which sets bread crumbs before a hungry man!" He put the goblet to his lips and took

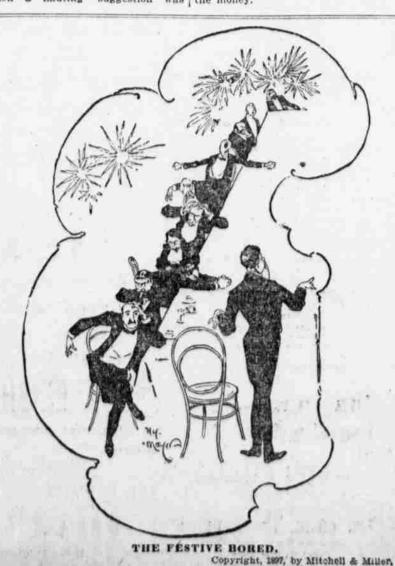
a long draught from it. The wine, he had said, would at any rate wash the tasteless bread from his mouth-and so he held the cup long. When at length he put it down, there was upon his face the most unclerical grimace that had ever sat there. "Maledetto," cried he, "but that is

To be Continued.

ONE MILLIONAIRE'S START. Penniless, He Went Right Over to Bank and Got Money.

From the Times-Herald. A young German immigrant, who had ot a dollar in the world and no relawith plate and exquisite cut glass that | tives, friends, or acquaintances in America, worked his way westward from New York until he reached a small town in Ohio, where he secured a position as clerk in a flour and feed store and went to work. In almost an invery hair appearing to be of the bright- credibly short time he learned the English language and had mastered the few details of the business he was in One day he walked into another feed store a few blocks away, said that he had heard that the proprietor of the place desired to sell out and inquired greeting given. The company sat like the price. The feed dealer wanted \$1,-500. After a few inquiries the caller

"All right. I vill call tomorrow at 10 and ve'll go over to the bank and get



No one knew anything about the young German. The feed man who wanted to sell jumped to the conclusion that the prospective purchaser must have brought considerable money from Germany. The next day promptly on time, the German called to take pos-

German approached the cashier's window, introduced himself and said: 'Dis is Mr. Jones, who keeps the feed store on Main street. I haf bought out

get the money." "I beg your pardon," replied the cashfer," but you have no account here, have you?"

"You don't understand," earnestly remarked the German. "I don't vant an account at all; I vant only the caught the plough, taking it around "But you have no money in this

oank," explained the official. "Of course not," assented the caller 'If I had money I vould pay dis man myself. But I haven't any money at all, so I must come to you to get it." "But we can't let you have money inless you first give it to us."

"Then why is a bank?" excitedly de manded the would-be borrower. The colloquy which ensued waxed so oud that the president of the bank came out of his private office to sewhat was the matter. He took the young German in hand personally. The latter told the banker all about himself and his aims, and in fess than half hour the bank had loaned him \$1,560 and held a first mortgage on a which they appeared to partake with feed store owned by the happiest young foreigner in America.

That occured many years ago, it i true, but that young German today is the head of a corporation capitalized at \$4,000,000, and his name, if I were to give it here, would be recognized instantly as one of the leading business to serve slices of it-to the Abbe first, lating the selection of jurymen. I conmen of this country.

SOME LIES ABOUT KANSAS.

People of the Sunflower State Say that Most of Them Are Myths.

From the Kansas City Journal. Kansas is more sinned against than sinning; likewise more Hed agains than lying. No story has yet been told depicting the frightful condition of Kansas politics that exaggerates it broke out with a word which was neith- in the least. But, for instance: If onof the gentle zephyrs of Kansas be comes aggravated and gets an extraordinary move on itself for a brief period "Kansas had a cyclone. detroying life and property galore;" if a ship in a county in one corner of the "the crops of the entire state state have been destroyed by hot winds;" if the rivers are the least bit swolen, "western Kansas is inundated." is the western part of the state lacks come moisture, "It is so dry all over the state that you have to run your cell through a wringer to get enough water to cook with:" if the state is favored with an average crop or better. "we have raised enough to feed the world;" if the crops fall below the average, "the people are on the verge of starvation.

And so it goes; Kansas always has trouble. No one more fully appreciates that such stories are accepted by many strangers as virtually truthful incidents of life in the Sunflower state than F. D. Coburn secretary of her department of agriculture, who has for years been making a collection of such as seemed to best illustrate the type of joke always in order when Kansas is mentioned. It requires two large envelopes to hold them, and as sample of the truly artistic in lie-making he rates the following as among the high-

TORNADO LORE. Here is an example of what a Kansas tornado can do, or what a Kansus liar can do, when forced to it: A farmer had a large crib filled with ear corn and there was a knothole in the south end of the crib. It was struck by a tornade and it is claimed that the suc tion was so great that cob after cob was drawn through the hole and the farmer was left with a crib of shelled

Several stories which the reader can or cannot believe, just as he sees fit, were started after the Seneca tornado, two years ago, had violated the state law in reference to the milicious destruction of property and departed for parts unknown. Probably the best one is this: A man was riding along on horseback with a jug of whiskey tied with a strap to the saddle norn. After the blow had ceased the jug landle was found inside the jug and the strap was sticking out of the nozzle, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of liquor.

pened to get in the road and had his hair blown off, leaving his hide as clean as a skinned banana. looked so much like a Mexican dog with horns that he was placed on ex-

Another caper which this tornado cut was to blow the side whiskers off a traveling man and plant them on the side of a woman's face, where they continued to grow.

Here is another pretty fair one: A farmer was ploughing around an obnight the tract of unploughed land still contained about five acres. When he quit for the day he left the plough sticking in the furrow, as farmers of-"land" until it was all ploughed.

A Kansan abroad recently found s growd that did not seem to appreciate his conversation concerning the conspiracy of the foreign capitalists to ompel the Populist farmers of Kansas o pay their honest debts, so he pulled out his stock of tornado stories, hoping to attract attention:

'I saw a cyclone once," said he "that picked up a straw stack and moved it a mile and put it back, straw on straw, as it was."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children,

HOME GROWN ASPARAGUS Fresh Every Morning.

DELAWARE STRAWBERRIES

Cauliflower, Green and Wax Beans, Egg Plant, Tomatoes, Etc.

W. H. PIERCE. PENN AVE. MARKET

MOOSIC POWDER CO., BOOMS I AND 2, COM'LTH B'L'D'Q. SCRANTON, PA

MINING AND BLASTING

LAPLIN & RAND POWDER CO'S

ORANGE GUN POWDER Electric Batteries, Electric Exploders, for ex-ploding blasts, Safety Fuse, and Repauno Chemical Co.'s EXPLOSIVES.

WOLF & WENZEL, 240 Adams Ave., Opp. Court House.

PRACTICAL TINNERS and PLUMBERS Sole Agents for Richardson-Boynton's Furnaces and Ranges.

HOTELS.

THE MURRAY HILL OLD MURRAY HILL PARK.

THOUSAND ISLANDS. The best located and best

furnished hotel on the St. Lawrence river. Accommodations for 300 guests. Opens June 25th, 1897.

F. R. WHITE, Prop.

Never Too Late

To learn the worth of THE SCRAN-TON TRIBUNE'S "Want" Columns. If you have merely

been an onlooker while the Tribune "Wants" were bringing results, and preferred to see what others would do, the time has come to get in line with the army of "Want" advertisers and use the Tribune "Wants." Thousands read them every day! A good opportunity will never be overlooked. "Want" adver-

tising costs less in the Tribune than in any other first-class medium. It is never too late to - - - -

Tribune Wants

Philadelphia Manufacturers o

421 Lackawanna Avenue

The secret of saving lies in correct buying more than in anything else. You will find an opportunity to economize here better than any other store in the city. A special sale of Ladies' Fine Suits now

FINE ALL WOOL COVERT CLOTH SUITS fly fronts, blazer and Eton jacket, slik lined throughout; new-est shaped skirt. Instead of \$4.98

FINE SERGE SUITS, fly front jacket, full taffeta, sllk lined, perfectly \$6.98 hung skirt. Good values at \$12 SEPARATE DEESS SKIRTS—Fine Mohair Skirts, new shape, full \$1.98 width, percaline lined, it ones.

ELEGANT BLACK CREPON SKIRTS, full sweep, fan back cord, edge binding; percaline lined and inter\$3.98 A NEW LOT of fine Stilk Waists in china, surah and India, in plaids, checks, stripes, floral and polka dot designs, many new ideas and fashionable colorings. Your choice at., \$1.98

special lot of fine Silk Capes, Emptre back, Never sold for less than \$1.98 No Charge for Alterations.

2/3 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

Has full and complete stock of all the latest up-todate styles in

Belts, Waist Sets,

Rogers' Silvar-Plated Ware, Starling Silver Loops,

at the very lowest possible prices at

213 Lackawanna Avenue.

The Most Delightful

SPRING TRIPS

are those by the handsome large steam-ships of the

sailing every week day from New York to OLD POINT COMFORT, VIR-GINIA BEACH AND RICHMOND, VA.

Round trip tickets, covering a health-giving sea voyage of 700 miles, with meals and stateroom accommodations enroute, for \$13, \$13.50 and \$14.00.

SEND FOR PARTICULARS.

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP CO.,



GONRAD'S TRUNKS & BIGYGLE SUITS Prices Right. 305 Lacks. Ave.



produces the above results in 30 days. It sets powerfully and quickly. Curses when all others fail; four gene will regain their fost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Power, Falling Memory, Wasting Diseasee, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only curse by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pule cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards of fusionity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail. \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to curs or refund the money. Circular free. Address ROYAL MFBICINE CO., 53 filver St., CHICAGO. IF For Sale by MATTHEWS BROS., Drugs gist Scrauton, Pa. PRENCH REMEDY